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# VERSE AND TOAST

## SERIES I

BY

COL. WILLIAM H. ROWE, JR.

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SERIES I.

BY

COL. WILLIAM H. ROWE, JR

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## Dedication

Mrs. William H. Rowe, Jr.

Here's to the fairest daughter
Of her beloved south;
Idol of my heart,
No word of mouth
Or stroke of pen,
If until time's end I wait,
Can do justice to thee,
Marion of the Blue Grass State.

## CHURCH OF THE LIVING GOD.

Church of the living God,
  Church where our fathers prayed;
Nothing else counts like you,
  For you are Heaven made.
You calm us in our sorrow,
  You melt us in our pride,
You open the door of safety
  No matter what betide.
You are the door to Heaven,
  No matter what scoffers say;
In darkness and in trouble,
  You turn night-time into day.
God bless each churchly refuge,
  God bless each priest that's there;
All hail the gospel's minister,
  All hail the land that's fair;
For that fair land is Heaven,
  Its streets are golden and broad,
I love to hear them tell of it
  In the Church of the living God.

---

## UNITED STATES.

Here's to the United States,
Land of glorious might,
Fairest of all the lands,
It never does but right.

United States, inspiring name,
How we love thy ways,
Thy plains — thy hills — thy lakes,
All of these we praise.
United States, may it be that God
Will never turn from thee,
But may his gracious smile e'er rest
Until eternity.

---

## ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Number one on our country's roll,
Marvelous man of eternal soul;
You came to us at parting ways,
You served us in our darkest days.
Abraham Lincoln, the People's man,
What other country ever can
Give to the world a man like you?
Patient, kind, forgiving, true,
Softly breathe that name we love,
Immortal with his God above.

---

## GEORGE WASHINGTON.

First President — Inspiring name!
First General — Matchless fame!
George Washington, to you we owe,
All classes, high and low,
This land we love so well —
Its greatest city and smallest dell.
At Valley Forge you knelt in prayer,
God Almighty answered there.

## U. S. GRANT.

Old hero, old warrior,
Imperishable shrine;
In the heart of all people
A great name is thine.
You were ever and always
Ready for any attack;
In your great hour of triumph
You gave Lee his sword back.
God bless you! God bless you!
And bless all of yours,
In Fame's undying temple,
Your name e'er endures

---

## ROBERT E. LEE.

Knightly, courteous cavalier,
Praise God that you were here.
Those days of awful war
You were created for.
You fought to the very last,
And now, as we view the past,
When we needed help the most,
To cheer up the conquered host,
Blessings ever rest on thee,
Godly, gentle Robert Lee.

## STONEWALL JACKSON.

He was never beaten,
So the tale goes;
Whene'er he appeared,
A cheer arose.
He prayed as he fought
Invoking God's power
And God's servant
Won to his dying hour.
God knew the reason,
God knew 'twas best,
The Confederate star waned
With Stonewall at rest.

---

## ANDREW JACKSON.

Old Hickory, Andrew Jackson,
First popular favorite of our land,
Chaste, honorable, truthful, sincere.
'Twas indeed your mighty hand
That fought the British when a boy,
And in later days at New Orleans,
Again you made a land of joy,
You drove back that British force;
Andrew Jackson, name of strength,
In your country's mighty course,
Throughout its breadth and length.

## HENRY CLAY.

Great national character
Of our early day,
Statesman, orator, senator,
The eloquent Henry Clay;
Favorite leader of the old Whig party,
Speaker of Congress, courteous and firm,
Well done, verdict of your countrymen,
On your matchless congressoinal term.

---

## THOMAS JEFFERSON.

Exponent of Democracy
Of this great American land,
'Tis long, long years ago,
Since they felt your matchless hand;
But your teachings live forever,
May your country be inspired anew,
We need the truthful teachings
Of a statesman such as you.

---

## DANIEL WEBSTER.

Called the foremost orator of the New World,
He stands for all time that test,
Rome, England, all worlds must allow,
Our Webster of the West.
Master of language, master of art,
You thrilled all people with words from the heart.
Daniel Webster, you felt what you said,
It came from the soul,
Great orator, great statesman,
You played a great role.

## GEORGE B. McCLELLAN.

Little Mac they called him,
  Those loyal boys in blue,
'Twas Little Mac who stirred them,
  Those valorous deeds to do.

Oh, how they loved him,
  How they fought and fell,
For Little Mac, their leader,
  Whom they trusted well.

Little Mac, how they shouted,
  As he led them to the fight,
With them some one else was wrong,
  Little Mac was always right.

---

## WINFIELD S. HANCOCK.

They called him superb,
  And they called him aright,
That great Union general,
  In many a fight.
Battle of Gettysburg,
  All remember well,
Hancock arrived
  In time to quell,
That onrushing, almost victorious host.
  God rules, and as in days of old,
They were swept back through God,
  By Hancock superb with heart of gold.

## GROVER CLEVELAND.

Rugged old oak, what can one say
At one of the marvels of our day,
Elected President of our land,
Amid all flames of discord fanned?
You served us well in that seat,
And then you went down to defeat;
Defeat! it would have killed most men,
But, rugged old oak, you came up again;
And once again they crowned you great,
A second time Chief Magistrate.
Wonderful record of a wonderful man,
Marvelous, marvelous, the race he ran;
Typical American, a title given you,
All I can add — It was true.

---

## WILLIAM McKINLEY.

A man he was,
A man through and through;
A good man, a great man,
A man tried and true.
He will live forever
In his country's great heart;
His country — in it
He played a great part.

## ROSWELL P. FLOWER.

Great heart of love, my true friend,
To your goodness there was no end,
One thing shines out full and clear,
The world is better, for you were here.
I never expect all my way through,
To meet another man like you.
My father was taken, but in his place
God gave me one of kindly face,
To whom I could always and ever go,
Oh, your goodness only God doth know.
I fancy through the gates ajar
They saw you coming from afar,
And I know they were opened wide
For one to go to his Master's side;
One whose charity knew no bound,
Whose rightful home was on heavenly ground.

---

## JAMES A. GARFIELD.

One of our martyred three,
Here in this land so free;
God rules, he said one terrible night,
The government lives, 'tis always right;
America will never yield
Her admiration for you, Garfield.

## CHESTER A. ARTHUR.

Dignified gentleman,
Worthy to be first,
In the most glorious land
On which the sun burst.
President Arthur, you left a grand name!
President Arthur, you deserve your fame!

---

## WILLIAM C. WHITNEY.

Great, true sport and brainy man,
One of the best since life began;
Everywhere and far and wide,
Was real rejoicing at a winning ride
Of the Whitney colors, for all knew
They had a royal friend in you.
Whitney dead? How sad the sound,
How we loved to see him round,
May I once again grasp his hand,
In the not so very far off land.

---

## THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Greatness has e'er been thine,
Thy bright star, undying sign;
May it ever flash o'er you,
Out of God's great heaven of blue,
May thy power always be felt,
For God and good Roosevelt.

## WILLIAM H. TAFT.

Great son of Ohio,
You're President next,
And if I read truly,
This is your text:
To strive for your country,
To answer each call,
To answer it quickly,
That no danger befall.
From selfish humanity,
To keep this land free;
And if you do that,
Blessings on thee.

---

## WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN.

A man of sterling worth,
An honor to this earth!
For him no devious curve,
From principle he'll never swerve.
Trust him — he's a man of God.
The wide, wide world will him laud.
For just as sure as there is day
Bryan's is the only way,
For a nation to live and thrive;
"To live yourself and keep others alive."
These are his words, and they ring true,
"Do unto others as you'd have them do."

## SMILIN' RELIGION.

Ye can serve the Lord,
  By laughing right out loud;
Don't look solemn,
  An' queer the crowd.
Slap your feller traveler
  Right on the back;
Tell him to do the square thing,
  An' he'll nothin' lack.
Mebby it's alright,
  To say "brother" with a moan;
An' say "you're sinful sister,"
  With a snarlin' pious tone.
But it ain't true religion,
  It ain't worth while;
Do you want to save a sinner?
  Well, give him a smile.
Give him all the treatin'
  He wants at the time;
If you hain't got a dollar,
  Chuck him a dime.
This world is nuthin',
  And it wouldn't be strange
If we all, sometimes
  Would need a little change.
So pass on religion,
  In a smilin' happy way;
Never stiff or solemn,
  An' you'll find eternal day

## GRAY.

There's a little state called Delaware
But a great big man is living there,
One of the greatest of our day,
Honor to America, Judge George Gray.

---

## JOHNSON.

Up in Minnesota, he's stood the test,
Johnson — Johnson of the North West.
He's a tireless worker, he knows no rest.
Here's to Johnson, Johnson of the North West!

---

## DOUGLAS.

Here's to the Old Bay State,
Long did we have to wait
For a Democratic Governor to win,
But W. L. Douglas, you went in.
After long years one was due.
Popular man, Douglas, here's to you!

---

## LEVI P. MORTON.

Honorable man,
Distinguished and great;
A former Vice-President,
Governor of his state.
All honor to Morton,
The loved Levi P.,
One of our greatest,
All parties agree.

## J. P. MORGAN.

Great, wonderful man
  Of marvelous power,
By right 'tis yours
  Man of the hour,
J. P. Morgan
  Wherever there's fame
There is recorded
  Your powerful name.

---

## "I WILL LIFT UP MINE EYES UNTO THE HILLS."

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills,
Then why should man be afraid?
The maker of Heaven and earth is there,
  On hills forever and ever staid.

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills,
  No matter in a valley how deep,
Thy foot will not be suffered to move —
  He that watcheth will not sleep.

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills,
  Though I'm in the wilds of a far-off land;
My Lord, my God, my keeper is nigh,
  Eternal abode on my right hand.

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills,
  Nether the sun by day nor the moon by night
Can smite me as through this world I go
  For God is might and God is right.

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills,
  Whenever I come, whenever I go,
The eye of my keeper is always on me;
  He guides me in safety as I walk below.

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills —
  Why should we be weary and sore?
No matter how dark and drear the passage,
  He guides us henceforth and evermore.

Unto the hills, unto the hills,
  Everyone lift your eyes;
You look to the hills of gladness,
  And away from the land of sighs.

---

## WITH HOLYOKE IN SEVENTY-EIGHT.

After they changed the name
  Of the town to Caseyville,
Casey says to all the folks
  For a little time to kill
I'll tell you a little story,
  I'll just gintly reminiss:
When they'd cheer me for me glory,
  An' the oompire hoot and hiss,
I wuz always a great player;
  Ivery oompire wuz a shark;
They'd hide from me in daytime,
  And stay home after dark
There niver was an oompire livin'
  That cud take his stand wid me;

I'm the George Washington of baseball,
I'm the man that made it free.
It wuz in the ghrasp uv tyrants
Until I batted meself to fame;
An' thin ivery oompire would thrimble
Whin they heard me mighty name.
The great national game is baseball,
There's no other sport so racy;
George fixed the nation, I fixed the game,
Thin why not Washington and Casey?
That's the way to rank us,
And thim that love their country will;
For but for me this land to-day,
Would be in the hands of oompires still.
The day we played Peory,
At half past four o'clock;
A tyrant uv an oompire,
I gave him a mighty shock.
He called two sthrikes upon me,
I trew me bat upon the ground;
I turned upon the tyrant,
An' I sez, "You measly hound
'Tis Casey, mighty Casey,
The man with the iron jaw;
The only man in all the world,
Who knows his country's law.
He loves his country better,
Than you, you lop-sided mut;"
An' then wid me sthrong right arm
I hit him an uppercut.
He landed in the grand stand,
In a big fat woman's lap;

I apologized to the lady,
An' gintly doffed me cap.
Wunst agen I tuk me bat,
An' stipped up to the plate;
Sez I, "We'll proceed widout an oompire,"
An' the pitcher didn't wait.
Uv coorse I hit the first he pitched,
An' whin it came to view,
That ball was found in Chicago,
On Michigan avenoo.
That was an epoch in this counthry,
Niver, niver since that day
Has tyrant oompire ruled here,
The people have their way.
And they owe that freedom to Casey,
I'm the man that did the trick;
I can cal Roosevelt Teddy
And to Croker, it's Hello Dick!
An' whin all history's written,
Yez one and all you'll see;
Along wid the name of Washington,
The name of Casey, that's me.

---

## THANKSGIVING DAY IN THE COUNTRY.

Thanksgiving day in the country,
In the midst of falling snow,
With loved ones all about you,
'Side the hearth of brilliant glow;
A great big bountiful turkey,
Being prepared by a skilful cook,
Along with all other dainties
That are written in the book.

'Tis a day of great rejoicing,
For 'tis our God we thank,
The only one mighty ruler,
The only one of rank;
For what are kings and princes?
They're no more than the trusting child,
They're not as much as children,
Little friends of the Saviour mild.

We may live in the midst of millions,
We may live in the midst of gold,
But there's not a being on this earth,
That on them has a hold;
They will quickly be taken from us,
They take wings and fly away,
If every one could realize this,
On this great Thanksgiving day.

How better off would we all be,
How sweet would be life's song,
That would come with the realization
That this life is not for long;
That it's empty, void, and fading,
That happiness only you'll find
When one lives every day for God,
Lives to soothe and aid mankind.

It would truly be a Thanksgiving,
And one that would always last,
If we could only make up in the future
What we have lost in the past;

The word that we should have spoken,
The deed that we should have done,
The royal road to Heaven,
Is only by effort won.

But yet that effort's easy,
There's just a few things to do,
Live the Christian every day,
Patient, charitable, kind, and true.
All can do these things so easy,
Just try, you'll find it so,
Thanksgiving day in the country,
In the midst of falling snow.

---

## JAMES S. SHERMAN.

Vice-President-elect,
A royal salute
From an old friend,
Who knows you will suit.
Any favor you'd grant,
You deserve well your fame;
You called on the people,
They remembered your name.

## JOHN WORTH KERN.

Great son of Indiana,
It can't be 'twill wait,
To make you the senator
From that great state.
Men like you are needed,
And your country will learn
To admire you as I do,
John Worth Kern.

---

## JOHN HAYS HAMMOND.

Masterful man
Of great renown,
We look o'er the world
Up and down,
And one great truth
Seems very clear,
Thy place is assured,
Thou great engineer.
'Tis everywhere
On all world's signs—
John Hays Hammond,
Master of mines.

---

## CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

Statesman, diplomat, orator,
With a long record of work;
Whene'er he was called on
He'd never shirk.

He has held the attention
Has great Chauncey Depew,
Of world-wide audiences.
Our Chauncey — To you!

---

## NATHAN STRAUS.

His name is revered
By mother and home,
His name is like magic
Wherever we roam,
For to dear, suffering babes
Who else might have died,
But for the pure milk
He placed at their side.

---

## P. A. B. WIDENER.

Over in the City of Brotherly Love
Lives a man, may be blest from above;
He's given his millions for the crippled child,
It must have pleased his Saviour mild.
"What you do unto them you do for Me,"
The words of your Saviour, Peter A. B.

---

## JOHN H. BRADFORD.

Governor of the Jockey Club,
When the numbers are hung out above,
We will see a name we all love
He was always number one,

He deserves the well done
That the Lord bestows on his own.
Emblazoned on high in Heaven's own court,
John H. Bradford, the true, manly sport.

---

## JOHN C. SPOONER.

Great lawyer,
A man of wondrous renown;
A great city he's honored,
Our loved New York town.
He's settled among us,
That great thinking man;
One of the ablest
Since this land began.

---

## HENRY CLEWS.

A wonderful man of the present day,
One of the greatest on life's highway;
A writer — a banker, sought far and wide.
Experienced — he's seen many a turn of the tide,
His essays are brilliant and pointed with news,
New York's banker-author, Henry Clews.

## D. O. MILLS.

Illustrious citizen,
Beloved by all;
Your goodness is echoed
Through many a hall,
Where the world's poor outcast
Can find comfort and rest;
After many hard struggles,
In a long, weary quest.
D. O. Mills, this is my song,
May God to man spare you long.

---

## ANDREW C. GRAY.

Here's to a friend whose name's most fair,
The only winner in Delaware;
'Tis with pride I greet you to-day —
Attorney-General Andrew C. Gray.

---

## THE CHARITY FLOWER.

The religion of God is sweetness,
And charity's flower so rare,
Whose sweet, exquisite perfume
Makes fragrant a world of care.

The beautiful charity flower,
How perfect it blossoms and blooms;
And wherever its fragrance reaches,
They know it is God's perfumes.

The outcast, the drunkard, the hopeless,
When it seems they have lost all power;
Just one little breath, one little smell
Of God's beautiful charity flower.

'Tis a flower of undying beauty,
Cultivated in God's own bower;
He carefully freshens it every day,
His heavenly charity flower.

---

## JOHN A. DIX.

Manly, cultured, able,
A man through and through;
Good friend, John A. Dix,
Here's loyally to you.
Here's to your future office,
At a not far distant date.
The office it is Governor,
The place is New York State.

## JOHN V. RICE, JR.

Great inventor;
Man wondrous of mind.
Many know now,
But the whole world will find
Your genius so matchless,
Linked with heart beyond price,
That all nations will honor
Good, true friend, John Rice.

---

## BENJAMIN B. ODELL.

He led his party
And he led it well,
'Twas victory ever
With Governor Odell.
He takes high rank
In this great state;
Benjamin B. Odell,
You'll always be great.

---

## JOHN WESLEY GAINES.

Great Tennessean,
Chivalrous man;
Deep-thinking scholar,
In honor one can
Point to your record,
As orator and friend;
As statesman and writer,
May your greatness ne'er end.

## JOHN WOODWARD.

Able jurist,
  Distinguished all over the state;
Honored by all,
  You surely are great.
Your command of the language,
  Your eloquent power,
Is the admiration of all,
  Great judge of the hour.

---

## WITH BOSTON IN SEVENTY-NINE.

Seventy-nine wuz a famous year
  In the annals uv baseball,
The year I played wid Boston,
  Great nine, I'll name thim all:
Snyder catchin', Bond a pitchin',
  Coggswell on first base,
Burdock on second, Morrill on third,
  All an honor to the race.
At short wuz Ezra Sutton,
  An' never a better man
Ever stopped the hot ones
  Sence the good old game began.
Wan in center, the other in right,
  The O'Rourke's, Jim an' John,
An' two uv the greatest players
  The sun iver shone upon.

I wuz playin' left field
An' I kept me eagle eye
On ivery spot in that ball field,
I did, I hope to die.
We wuz playin' Cincinnati,
An' twuz wan uv the hardest fights
That Massachusetts had iver seen
Since Paul Revere hung out the lights.
But I caught the inspiration,
From what Paul did that day;
An' I sez, Casey be Revere again,
An' fight hard in the fray.
Thim Cincinnati's wuz also stars,
Catcher, captain, old Jim White;
His brother Bill, the pitcher,
Thim byes wun many a fight.
I want to pay me tribute,
To two great ones uv that day,
The two famous White brothers,
Old heroes uv the baseball way.
McVey, Ross Barnes and Gerhardt,
Great basemen uv a great nine;
Your ricord stands feriver,
You need no other sign.
Burke, Dickerson, Hotaling,
An' then we come to right,
Stood the man destined to be
In that fermament iver bright.
As one uv its few greatest,
That great inspiring name,
Mike Kelly, ye'll live feriver
In the baseball hall of fame.

We had played thirteen innin's,
An' neither side had scored;
It looked as if all wuz over,
An' that the Boston nine wuz floored.
Mike Kelly had hit a high one,
It screamed up troo de air;
In left I watched it wildly,
An' raced to the fence fer fair.
I clambered up it quickly,
An' dropped upon the ground;
I ran across the avenoo,
An' wid a single bound
I cleared a small gateway
An' ran a mile or so,
The ball still a sailin',
An' me right on the go.
I kept saying if Revere could do it,
Casey you can too;
An' so I paced an' panted,
Wid nuthin' but gum to chew.
The ball commenced a droppin',
Oh Murther, "I will, I will,"
I shrieked, as I dashed madly
Up the steps uv Bunker Hill.
I misjudged fer a moment,
First me right an' thin me left;
An' high up in the monument,
Away up in the cleft
I nailed that ball descendin';
An' then, like them of old,
I wuz like the old Continental
Who feared not British gold.

Did they cheer me?
Well, I should say,
Never has there been wilder
Than the cheer fer me that day.
They gathered round me on the diamond,
And the Governor made this speech.
"Mr. Casey, To you, all honor,
You certainly are a peach.
That run of yours is a marvel,
An' I want to make it clear;
Foriver 'twill stand in history,
Wid the ride of Paul Revere."

---

## DEATH.

It may be in the morning;
It may be at night;
But whenever it is let's have on the light
So that loved ones may know with our latest breath
We were not afraid to taste of Death.

There isn't a chance for you to win
If you don't repent of a favorite sin
Give up anything that might look wrong
And you'll aid the rest of the struggling throng,
And then when you come to Heaven's gate
You'll go right in — you won't have to wait.

Live every day as though 'twere your last;
This life will soon be past.
If any you a favor should do
Way up above they'll credit you.
Speak a kind word, grasp the hand
Of a fellow traveler in a weary land.
Every good act to Heaven mounts;
Down here nothing counts.

---

## KEEP ON SMILIN'

Keep on smilin', no matter what trouble comes
It can all be cured—even ulcerated gums.
It ain't any matter who's friend or foe,
Keep your eyes on Heaven — never look below;
The good Lord's a-waitin' just aroun' the turn;
Don't fret or worry, you've got a lot to learn.
He's just-a-hidin' His face fer a while,
And He won't like it if he don't see you smile;
So keep on smilin' no matter how great your loss —
Just remember that there's only one big Boss.
'Tis the Lord God Almighty—He's everybody's friend;
Just stick to Him right up to the end.
Remember he's a-watchin' you with that great wondrous eye;
Keep on smilin'; don't let Him see you sigh,
For He loves to test you with all kinds of human ill
To see if you're fit to fill the heavenly bill;
So keep on smilin', God's a-hidin' there,

He'll play the game right, He'll play you fair.
We've all got to suffer, we've all got to learn
That the only one Judge is waitin' at the turn,
An' you can all remember thar's one thing true,
The Lord God Almighty will be good to you,
If you do the right thing and have a clean heart,
So keep on smilin', and do your part.

## ELBERT F. BALDWIN.

Elbert F. Baldwin,
Good neighbor of mine;
Down in old Lakewood,
In the land of the pine.
For me 'twould be easy,
To get out a book;
On Elbert F. Baldwin,
Of the Outlook.
Here's to you, neighbor,
You uplift and inspire;
A good, true man,
Whom we all admire.

## SELDEN P. SPENCER.

Great presiding officer,
Matchless in your day;
Wonderful your offices,
International Y. M. C. A.
You presided o'er that wondrous body,
Of men who live for Heaven,
Assembled there in Washington,
In nineteen hundred seven.

## MR. BOLDT AND THE WALDORF HOTEL.

Here's to the great Waldorf Hotel!
George C. Boldt, you run it well.
There everything is well done,
Here's to the Boldt's — father and son,
That long, gorgeous hall, a magnificent sight,
And every onlooker treated right.
Every one welcome — make yourself so.
Leave? Why, I always hate to go.
New York has managers, but I'm very partial
To Oscar, Barse, McCusker and Marshall.
They're always there to do their best,
From early morning to night time's rest.
Yes, the Waldorf's the greatest hotel in the world;
Before it all hotel flags are unfurled.
Mr. Boldt never said can't; he always said can;
Here's to George C. Boldt, premier hotel man!

Here's to your wondrous, wondrous eyes,
I thought they used to heed my sighs.
But now I find while I was biddin'
Those wondrous eyes were only kiddin'.

Here's to the lips of the girl next me!
Dare I taste? No. Her husband's lookin'. See?

Here's to a girl I once knew!
Say, it always makes me feel blue.
I proposed — was accepted — we were ready to wed —
A man stepped up — "I'm her husband," he said.

## A. G. VANDERBILT.

I'm thinkin' of old Ireland and the wearing of the green,
And then my mind wanders to other places I have seen.
And when it comes to Newport, there's another name and hue,
The name of Alfred Vanderbilt and the wearing of the blue.

Here's to two sweethearts of long ago!
As I used to wander to and fro.
The one was a blonde, the other a brunette,
Here's to the dark one! The blonde has me yet.

---

## SPENCER TRASK.

A great and good man,
One you don't have to ask.
He seeks to do good
Does Spencer Trask;
Look at his charities,
Look at his deeds;
He answers calls gladly,
He supplies their needs.

---

## AUGUSTUS THOMAS.

Brilliant playwright,
Great orator of note;
Many and many
A great play you wrote.

Your fame is established,
You're known far and wide;
Here's to you, Augustus Thomas,
Great man — all decide.

---

## DAVID JAMES BURRELL.

Preacher, Christian, Orator, Counselor, Friend,
May your greatness never end!
You sway your congregation to and fro,
You lift them to heights from way below.
Gladly all answer the peal of your bell,
Eloquent man — David James Burrell.

---

## CHARLES C. DICKINSON.

Here's to the president of the Carnegie trust,
By both you'll be treated just;
A great banker — he has a great bank,
Both stand in the foremost rank.

---

## HENRY WATTERSON.

Marse Henry! Marse Henry!
Come up from Kentuck,
Marse Henry! Marse Henry!
New York is in luck.

Marse Henry! Marse Henry!
You're a great big man,
Marse Henry! Marse Henry!
Give us your han'.
Marse Henry! Marse Henry!
You can't be beat,
Marse Henry! Marse Henry!
Take a front seat.
Marse Henry! Marse Henry!
Gifted and great,
Marse Henry! Marse Henry!
You honor your State.

---

## NORMAN S. DIKE.

A favorite with all,
Just and upright,
Your record as judge
Is a record most bright.

May all kinds of honors
Come to one we all like;
May you ever increase,
Judge Norman S. Dike.

---

## AN OLD MAN'S REVERIE.

Where is the home
Of the old days?
Where is the mother
Who prays?

Are they the same
In this age
As they were
When we would engage
In our daily pastimes
As we went about our play?
Tell me, are mother and home the same
As they were in the olden day?
I am nearly eighty;
It's a long, long time ago
Since I enjoyed my boyhood —
How life does ebb and flow!
Tell me, tell me, stranger,
Do the children of to-day enjoy
The same blessings that I had
At the time I was a boy?
Oh, how I loved those old days
When dear mother waved her hand,
As I used to play with comrades
In the sweet old dear homeland.
I truly hope they have them,
I will feel so happy and good
To know that all the children
Have all the joys they should.
Christ loves the little children,
He wants them to have the best;
Oh, how I'd love to line with flowers
Every child's sweet little home nest.
For the kingdom of heaven is like them,
And I hope it's the mother who prays,
That carefully guards and keeps them
Like they did in the olden days.

## RICHARD DELAFIELD.

A high-typed banker,
A man of great renown;
No better known
In New York town.
May he ever
A great power wield,
My old friend
Delafield.

---

## NORMAN E. MACK.

Brilliant editor,
A man of kindly trait;
True and noble,
No one need wait
For him to aid.
He's e'er ready to back
All those who need,
Good Norman E. Mack.

---

## E. R. GRAHAM.

Great Chicago architect,
  Man of brilliant mind,
Your brain can conceive
  A structure of any kind.
So here's to E. R. Graham,
  He stands right in the lead,
Not only as an architect,
  But as a man of kindly deed.

## ANDREW MILLER.

A royal friend,
  One loyal to all,
He's the gentleman always,
  Whether palace or hall,
Of the home that's the humblest
  He does not care,
Whoever, whenever, wherever,
  Tiff Miller is fair.

---

## JACK TAYLOR.

Jack Taylor of Watertown,
No better than he
Has ever sailed
On this life's sea.
A great, big-hearted man,
Jack Taylor!
In every race you've ran
You have always proved
True to any test.
This life is short
At its very best.
You know that secret,
You do your good now;
Heaven will credit you,
Jack Taylor, here's how!

## SHE COULDN'T SAY "NO."

Twas the third dance of the evening
She told me it would be mine;
But when I went up to claim it,
I was only one of nine.

Then she said, "The seventh,"
And I went up again;
But only to find myself in the midst
Of another bevy of men.

Then she said, "The eleventh."
The eleventh dance was done;
I patiently watched and waited,
But my part was simply none.

"Surely when we go to the supper,
It will be the evening's charm;"
Oh, she said it so very sweet,
But she went on another's arm.

"The last dance of the evening,
Then you can take me home;"
The dance was won by another,
While I alone did roam.

Then I got down to the carriage,
At last I believed it was real;
But gaily she said, "Good night,"
And sped off in an automobile.

I used to call very often,
I never had a chance alone;
The room was always crowded,
But one day in softest tone

I said, "I can't live without you;"
She said, "Is it as bad as that?"
And then she said she'd wed me,
I didn't know where I was at.

But I believe 'twas next morning
I got cards that this did say:
"You are invited to be present,"
And it named her wedding day.

Well, I screwed up my courage,
And a week later went to the church;
The bridegroom looked so happy,
While—I mourned in the lurch.

Down the aisle she came a sweeping,
Followed by bridesmaids fair;
A quick glance, it was over,
She saw me standing there.

And then with a smile so radiant,
The one I did idolize
Whispered to me in passing,
"I'll marry you when he dies."

## PHILLIPS BROOKS.

Reverently breathing
That much honored name,
I look to the land
From which goodness came,
For there with the Angels
Sits the one who so blest
The world and its people
With a life of the best.

---

## E. G. ANDREWS.

Bishop so gentle,
So simple, so great,
Loved by all people,
In city and State.
Your memory so precious
Abides with all here,
Priceless and treasured,
To all it is dear.

---

## WILLIAM J. HARRISON.

Just away,
Good man, so kind.
Christian gentleman,
Your State will find
It's ever hard
To fill your place,
You matchless friend
Of the human race.

## STEPHEN FARRELLY.

Stephen Farrelly
  Of the American News,
    A great part you play,
  To decide and to choose
Works that have merit,
  Works that are rare.
With you at the helm
  A master is there.

---

Here's to you, you beauty,
  Here's to your luscious lips,
Here's to your eyes of glory
  And your dainty finger tips.
Wish we were not at the table,
  But far away from here,
In a bower dimly lighted,
  How I'd love it, dear.

---

## FOR ONE WHO FEELS SLIGHTED.

Don't feel you're always slighted.
  Sometimes your friend can't do;
Because he can't be with you
  His heart is just as true.
There are reasons we can't fathom,
  There are happenings he can't tell;
Because he's claimed by others
  He loves you just as well.
Life is ever changing,
  Each man has his part;

Because he plays in distant scenes
Your face is in his heart.
So do not mind the moments
When one has to be away,
Always know he's coming back,
On just as bright a day.
The friend feels just as keenly
That he cannot be near.
You wish that you were there,
He wishes — he were here.

## LOYALTY.

The Angels of heaven,
The ones robed in white,
Who e'er bear the tidings
Of wrong and of right,
Of our daily doings,
Of our earthly life,
Who tell to the Saviour
Of sin and of strife,
Methinks that they're happy
And joyously run
When they tell on high
Of a good, loyal one.
Loyalty shines
And will through all years.
It binds broken hearts
And wipes away tears.
Loyalty, hail it!
It is Heaven born,
'Twill shine as the brightest
On Resurrection morn.

## ROY McARDELL.

Roy McArdell,
Creator of Jarr,
The Mr. and Mrs.
You're way above par.
As author and playwright,
As past master of fun,
You stand in the forefront,
And surpassed by none.

---

## HARRIS HAMMOND.

Here's to you Harris,
With great heart of gold,
One of the truest
In this world's fold.
Here's to you daily,
The best in the land.
May God bless you ever,
And e'er guide your hand.

---

## JOHN HAYS HAMMOND, JR.

Here's to a scholar,
A chap of great mind.
Yale has him now,
But the whole world will find
That by merited skill,
By wonderful power,
He'll rank with the great
When he comes to man's hour.

## TOM WATKINS.

Tom Watkins of Scranton,
A man through and through;
Tom Watkins of Scranton,
Tender and true.
Tom Watkins of Scranton,
In many a fight;
Tom Watkins of Scranton,
May your skies be bright!
Tom Watkins of Scranton,
You'll always do.
Tom Watkins of Scranton,
Here's to you!

---

## FRANK A. MUNSEY.

Great genius by efforts,
That merit great praise;
You stand as an editor,
Known in all ways.
Whether here or o'er seas,
Your record is one
Deserving all honor,
For the marvels you've done.

---

## JOHN A. McCALL.

He's gone away, old friend of mine;
Now in a land divine
He looks below on those so dear;
He sees them a-laboring here.
You labored for them, you labored for all,
Princely gentleman, John A. McCall.

## CHANCELLOR DAY.

You make the name Syracuse proud;
By all your greatness is allowed;
  You're a great big, brainy man,
  One of the great, great orators since time began.
Syracuse University stands in the front fore way
By your matchless work, Chancellor Day.

---

## JOHN D. ARCHBOLD.

Great benefactor
  Of a college that's great,
A college that's now known
  In every state;
Lavishly to Syracuse
  You've given your gold,
Mighty monuments attest it,
  President Archbold.

---

## FREDERICK A. POTTS.

Great, good man,
  Big-hearted chap;
If I was the judge
  You'd win every lap.
Your friendship is golden,
  You're one of the true;
Dear, old Fred Potts,
  Here's gladly to you.

## ALEXANDER HAMILTON SIBLEY.

Dear old Sib;
Great, good boy,
Scattering always
Seeds of joy.
Here's to your merit,
Here's to your worth;
No better than you
We find on earth.

---

## E. B. CRAIG.

Tennessee—A grand old state
It's name—The Volunteer.
Here's to its great son,
Honest—honorable—sincere
From the peak of Lookout Mountain
To the waters of the Hague,
I could not toast a truer man
Than good friend, E. B. Craig.

---

## TO MOTHER.

The world is a world of changes,
It's a land of sorrow and pain;
But Mother's heart is faithful,
Whether it's loss or gain.

Some names fade in the distance,
Some names we forever smother,
One name lasts till the end of time,
'Tis the sacred name of Mother.

Here's to a girl from Boston, Mass.!
A regular wonder, up-to-date lass.
In wondrous awe I looked at her,
But there'd always come a little blur.
I hesitated and hesitated to say the word,
But one day, feeling just like a bird,
I popped the question — not in a grammatical way,
And the look I got. Well, 'twas a caution. Say,
She looked me over and made this reply:
"Shamefully ignorant. Request ignored. She did, I hope to die."

---

## "ACKNOWLEDGE HIM IN ALL THY WAYS."

Though storms may break about us,
Though it may be dark for days and days,
The best of light will come again,
"Acknowledge him in all thy ways."

Though death may claim your brother,
And he's taken o'er endless bays,
Remember you'll meet some time again,
"Acknowledge him in all thy ways."

Though hard earned fortunes may be lost,
There's always one thing pays,
The fortune of feeling right is yours,
"Acknowledge him in all thy ways."

Though the highest offices may not be won,
There comes shining God's best rays;
Offices on earth don't count in Heaven,
"Acknowledge him in all thy ways."

Though all can't sing the sweetest songs,
Remember all can sing God's lays,
Remember God's lays count the most,
"Acknowledge him in all thy ways."

Though all can't live in palatial places,
Winter's months can be as bright as May's,
If God lives daily in thy heart,
"Acknowledge him in all thy ways."

Though all can't get the praise of man,
Remember all their God can praise;
Men always die while God always lives,
"Acknowledge him in all thy ways."

Yes, acknowledge him in all thy ways,
The life is short at the best we live,
Acknowledge him in all thy ways,
Faithfully serve and lavishly give.

---

## TWILIGHT ON SUNDAY.

At twilight on Sunday,
At end of God's day,
I sat thinking of Jesus
And the home far away;
The sound of sweet music
By mother's hand played,
Rang out through the darkness
As if Heaven made.

High up in the old hills,
On the beautiful home farm,
With one's family about him,
There's no greater charm;
A sweet wife, a sweet daughter,
And a sweet mother to abide,
These are God's richest blessings
On this Heaven's side.

---

## DOC ROWE.

Doc. Rowe —
It's a long, long time ago
Since I last felt the clasp of your hand,
Best ever friend in the old-time land.

Doc. Rowe —
'Twas always "yes," 'twas never "no."
A favor he'd grant before you could ask;
Ah, he made life the easiest task!

Doc. Rowe —
It's ever — it's always so —
That a great, big-hearted man and friend —
God pity us — such friendship must end.

Doc. Rowe —
Oh, why did you have to go?
Why you, with your great strong arm,
You, who always kept us from harm?

Doc. Rowe —
For me, life has a different glow.
But God, in His wisdom, He knew best.
Oh, how I miss you, loved one at rest!

---

## WITH WORCESTER IN 1880.

'Twas an afthernoon in August,
  Sez Casey to the bunch;
Way back in eighteen eighty,
  Whin I had an awful hunch
That if I could steal second,
  I could rattle the baseman there;
So thim famous Providence players,
  Would go up in the air.
They were the champeens,
  They'd wun the year before;
An' the honest Wooster heart
  Felt we'd niver score.
For Wooster 'twas their first year
  'Mid the big guns of baseball,
They had signed me an' I promised
  To answer ivery call.
Little college boy Richmond,
  The first original great south paw;
Well, he was a grand, good pitcher,
  An' how they did hurrah
Whin this day student, Richmond,
  Was held up by a train,
An' he a racin' like mad
  Fer he knew 'twas Wooster's gain.

Fer him to git to the ball park,
An' grab up the round, round sphere,
An' with his lift hand motion,
Make ivery batter queer.
The train pulled in the station,
They got the fastest nag,
An' thin they raced like injuns,
An' planted him on his bag.
The grand stand rose as one man,
And gave him a mighty yell;
The umpire cried play ball,
An' tapped his little bell.
I wuz the first batter
That faced ould Johnny Ward,
An' the first he pitched I tapped it
Wid me good old piece of cord.
It wint by Jerry Denny,
Their great man playin' third;
Tommy York in left, he stopped it.
'Twuz a clean hit, 'pon me word.
John Ward began a feintin',
An' three times at old Joe Start;
He heaved that ball a kitin',
I sez John you tink you're smart.
You'll niver catch me nappin',
I'm the boy wid all de grace,
An' a gintle ease of manner,
That always holds first base.
Charlie Bennett wuz next batter,
An' say, Charlie wuz a man,
Niver a finer fellow
Around the bases ran.

Wan of the great, great catchers,
A hero in his day;
Answer, Wooster, answer, Detroit.
You loved Charlie Bennett's way.
I had the hunch most surely,
An' I sez Casey, you must steel;
So at the first of John to Charlie
I made me runnin' real.
I reached the base in safety,
An' I rattled the intire line
Uv thim famous Providence byes,
Champeens uv seventy-nine.
Bennett, Bushong, Stovey,
They all reached first base, too;
I got the run in finely,
An' thin began the howdy do.
We all kept on a batten',
An' pilin' up the runs;
The champeens faces long and blue,
An' their hearts a weighin' tons.
At me second time up that innin',
There wus a man on ivery base;
I tuk me good old cord wood,
Determination on me face.
I made up me mind that this time
I'd make wun uv me long, long hits,
So when I pushed it fiercely
I tore it into bits.
It sailed o'er the city limits,
Followed the coorse uv the B and A;
That wuz one uv me greatest hits,
I made that August day.

Spyglasses were called in service,
  They followed it troo de air,
They saw it pierce the purty clouds,
  That were hangin' straight an' fair.
Well all there wuz to it,
  That wuz a historical ball,
It landed an' they kipt it
  In Boston in Fanueil Hall.

---

## GEORGE B. McCLELLAN.

Here's to the Mayor of a wonderful town!
He'll save his friends. No one will drown.
  He's a manly fellow, and we all feel
  There's a safe pilot at the wheel.
Your father, the general, was beloved by all;
You, like him, will obey the call
  Of your city, whatever they ask.
  George B. McClellan, you do well your task.

---

## IT COULDN'T BE.

She was the summer's sensation;
  Never before at the shore
Had one come to the gay old place
  That we had toasted more.

Dark and tall and handsome,
  The stateliest of queens;
At her feet the struggling students,
  As well as the men of means.

She wasn't cold or haughty,
  But she had a little "Beware,"
That although she knew we worshipped,
  We had better all take care.

I had been one of the boldest,
  And she'd scarcely been there a week,
But I could stand it no longer,
  And I made up my mind I'd speak.

The night was simply heavenly,
  The moon o'er the water did pour
Its most gloriously brilliant radiance,
  When I found her on the shore.

She had left the veranda
  And wandered off alone,
While I, who watched in the distance,
  Thought I heard a tiny moan.

It couldn't be she suspected
  And wanted to let me know
That this was the time to follow,
  And I would find it so.

Hastily I joined her,
  Yes, almost out of breath,
And ardently I told her
  I would love her until death.

Then with words so burning
I told her of a love
That reached from the moon-lit sea
To the moon-lit skies above.

I reached out to clasp her,
She said sweetly, "It wouldn't be right;
Your proposal surely honors me,
But—my husband comes to-night."

---

## WITH TROY IN 1881.

One afternoon the hero
Was sitting in his place,
The crowd as usual waiting
When a smile stole o'er his face;
He looked round at them proudly
Saying: "Did I ever tell you'se boys
Of the time back in eighty-one
I was playin' with the Troys.
Thim were the greatest players
That huv ever played baseball;
Never in all this world,
From its rise until its fall
Will there be another Buck Ewing,
The greatest man that iver caught;
And he always tipped me wid a wink,
Whin he thought the oompire was bought.
Buck could spot a tyrant,
And thereby hangs this tale;

Another tyrant exposed,
An' anoother lie I'll nail.
We were playin' wid the Woosters,
Dey were at de bat,
Smilin' Mickey trowin' dem in
Till dey didn't know where they were at.
Wun uv their great batters swiped it
But Jakey Evans wus there,
He jumped up high pulled down the ball,
As it was flyin' troo de air.
He was the greatest thrower
On any baseball nine,
An' the way he heaved that ball home
Was in de straightest line.
The runner had started home from third,
An' was runnin' mighty hard;
But the ball from Jake reached Buck's hands
An' beat him by a yard.
He's safe, the tyrant oompire said,
An' I got the wink from Buck;
I rushed in from me own third bag
An' I sez "You pie-faced muck
You take back that decision
If you want to live at all.
You're oompirin' in a town
Where they understand baseball.
Mister Robert Ferguson, our manager,
Is a playin' second base,
An' there's no finer gentleman
In the entire human race.
The great Roger Connor,
The Old Oak of Baseball,

Is a coverin' first base.
He stands there huge an' tall
Eddie Caskins at short stop,
Evans, Cassidy, Gillespie standin' in the field,
Tim Keefe and Billy Holbert;
Ain't that a fine ball yield?
Me an' Mickey Welch an' Ewing,
We're talkin' to you here,
And so there'll be no mistake,
We'll make it very clear,
Your decision is rotten,
You're a tyrant in your power.
If you're ever caught in South Troy,
Well, you won't last a single hour."
That run for them it tied the game,
I went back to me plate;
A scornful glance I gave the oompire,
For the tyrant I waz filled with hate.
They got no more runs that innin';
'Twas the beginning of the last,
Our part was the endin',
The first two out quick and fast.
I was the last batter,
I gave the oompire a look;
That the faithful Trojan people
Said surely should be took.
For them Trojans wanted vingince,
And they sat there with heads bowed,
Fer they knew that Mighty Casey
Was never, never cowed.
In awe they watched from the grand stand,
While the faithful on the line,

Hild their brith in wonder,
In that innins number nine.
I swung the bat so fiercely,
That when it hit the ball,
It sailed down through Lansingburg,
Through Troy to Music Hall.
The fire bells were set a ringin',
And Doring's Band they played
The mayor called the council,
And they a subscription made,
To raise a monument to Casey,
The greatest man in Troy.
The man who feared no oompire,
An honest baseball boy."

---

## TIMOTHY L. WOODRUFF.

Popular — gifted,
Exceedingly kind;
One of the best,
That you will find.
He stands ever ready,
To do his part;
He's wise and brainy and
He has a heart.

---

## FRANCIS HAMILTON.

Good fellow, Good citizen,
Lawyer and wit,
In every part
You make a hit.

Here's to your greatness,
Here's to your power.
May it ever increase,
In each coming hour.

## WITH CHICAGO IN 1882.

Did I ever tell youse,
Said the hero one afternoon;
About the day in eighty-two,
When I played a little tune,
With a good strong ball bat
Upon a tyrant's head,
An whin I got troo playin';
Well — nothin' more was sed.
I was playin' wid Chicago,
The Champeens of that year;
The great old White Stockin's,
How I wish thim byes were here.
Miny an' miny a time thim byes,
They win the pennant race.
Led by old Cap Anson,
The old Roman of first base.
Frankie Flint a catchin',
A great big lusty chap.
Larry Corcoran and Goldsmith,
Pitchers — with curves on tap.
The great Eddie Williamson,
The greatest-ever short stop,
Dalrymple in left, Gore in centre,
They never missed a drop,

An' standin' out in right field;
The idol of every crowd,
Mike Kelly the bleacher's favorite;
Of him Illinois was justly proud.
I have to take me hat off,
I do upon me word;
Ivery time I speak thim names,
Me, oh, I was playin' third;
The game was progressin' finely,
We were winnin' just hands down,
Whin the tyrant gave a decision,
That aroused the Windy town,
Three min were on the bases,
I wuz at the bat;
The umpire crouched behind me,
A coward, small and fat.
He wobbled like an old woman,
Afraid of every ball,
He was such a lady
That he could hardly call
Aloud them balls the pitcher
Wuz firin' at the plate;
But for every honest player
His soul wuz filled with hate.
He — that tyrant of tyrants —
Called me out on strikes.
I heard the yellin' voices,
But I could distinguish Mike's,
Who roared swipe him Casey,
That mut ain't fit to live.
If you don't do your duty,
Chicago will never forgive

You or any player
That's playin' on her nine.
Swipe him, Casey, swipe him,
An' the whole town will buy you wine.
I raised me bat in anger,
An' started a little tune,
I just forget what I played,
Maybe 'twas Lorny Doone.
Some notes I played were very high,
An' agin some were very low;
But by the cheerin' uv the crowd,
I knew that tune would go,
'Twuz sweet music to Chicago,
Wnen I played it on his head.
I think they started singin'
"Put him in his little bed."
Well, they took him to a hospital,
For me with civic pride
Chicago gave its freedom,
Mike Kelly by me side.

---

## HOW THE IRISH MAID STUNG ALGY.

"Is Miss Hetty in?"
The young hopeful inquired;
"She be," said the servant,
"But she have retired."
"Oh, mercy! Oh, mercy!"
Our Algy replied.
"Do you think she would hear
If I sang from outside?"

"If you try it, young fellow,
You'll get hit wid a brick,
And I'm the young loidy
That'll put through the thrick.
Chase yourself, chase yourself,
Far, far away;
A chappie like you
Shouldn't get gay.
Your mamma is lookin'
For you, Algy, right now.
Come, orgynize a rethreat
If you don't want a row.
Miss Hetty told me to tell you
For you to tell her
If you were fifteen or sixteen.
Now which are you, sir?"

---

## IF YOU SHOULD HAPPEN TO FAINT IN MY ARMS.

If you should happen to faint in my arms,
I wouldn't give any needless alarms;
I would simply brush back your silken hair
As it rests on your brow, so sweet and fair;
And then I would think it was paradise,
That nowhere around were watchful eyes.
And then for fear I might a chance miss,
I'd stealthily reach down and take a kiss.

Yes, sweetheart, you glorious, glorious thing,
If ever by chance fortune should bring
  Such an opportunity as that to me,
  On happiness' heights I'd surely be,
For fortune would surely be a saint,
If at such a time you'd fall in a faint
  When you and I were all alone
  And I breathing love in softest tone
To the sweetest creature God e'er made,
Whose dazzling beauty will never fade.
  If at such a time you'd faint in my arms,
  In silence and awe I'd feast on your charms.

---

## MRS. GROVER CLEVELAND.

Illustrious first lady
  Of a great land,
No adequate language,
  Or sweetest music of band
I can recall
  To my mind now,
To do justice to one
  Whom all people allow,
For womanly modesty,
  For sweetness and grace,
'Tis the verdict of all,
  You honored first place.

## MRS. ROSWELL P. FLOWER.

Mrs. Roswell P. Flower,
In your beautiful home bower
May you live for years,
Having all sunshine, never any tears,
This is the wish of one
Who can say to you "well done,"
For goodness and worth are your renown,
Much beloved woman of Watertown.

---

## MRS. J. B. TAYLOR.

Emma Flower Taylor, daughter of R. P.,
That's enough inheritance in this land of the free;
And as long as this world rolls along,
As long as they toast Women in song,
So long will I say that there's one,
When everything is said and done,
Toast of civilian, soldier and sailor —
Flower of Womanhood, Emma Taylor.

---

## MRS. RUSSELL SAGE.

May God smile,
Great philanthropic woman,
Every moment of the while
You stay where you're scattering
Your ready gold
For the betterment of man.

It gives a firmer hold
To all — to work — to strive
For the aid of mankind
To in this world of selfish greed
A woman like you find.

---

## MRS. JOHN HAYS HAMMOND.

Brilliant, brilliant woman,
You are known to fame;
Your wondrous skill and merit
Adorn your matchless name.
For whether it's a palace,
Or whether it's Life's school,
Mrs. John Hays Hammond,
You were born to rule.

---

## MRS. HENRY CLEWS.

Gloriously beautiful woman from the South,
It's almost too much for word of mouth
For one to try to paint or tell
Of you, you great Kentucky belle,
You always win, you never lose,
May you reign forever, Mrs. Clews.

## MRS. GEORGE J. GOULD.

Beautiful woman,
  Here is a toast
To one who ranks high
  In all beauty's host.
This is my wish;
  That your every day
May be better and brighter,
  Mrs. George J.

---

## MRS. JOHN A. DIX.

Your name, like yourself,
Is a name most fair.
Look up, your name is written there.
High up in beauty's sky I fix
Your sweet face, Mrs. Dix.

---

## WITH NEW YORK IN 1883.

Says Hero Casey to the bunch,
  Wan ting looked good to me,
And that was little old New York
  Way back in Eighty-three;
That wuz the first year of the Giants,
  Thim mighty, mighty men.
I could till of them forever,
  An' write with an endless pen.
Wunst befoor I've mentioned it,
  That baseball hall of fame,
An' now I'll name another
  Great hero of the National Game.

Catchers there are with us to-day,
There's bin great ones in the past,
But the greatest catcher of all time,
Whose name will forever last;
Wuz the man wid the first Giants,
Buck Ewing, mitchliss, matchliss name.
First place as catcher I give you
In the baseball hall of fame,
He could throw just like an arrow,
An' whin the ball lift Buck,
The swiftest runner trembled,
An' then began to duck.
He would throw down like lightning,
You should have heard the cheers;
The runners were so scared of him,
They niver stole for years;
But if by luck they reached first,
They never stole away.
Ah, that was catchin, that was throwin,
In old Buck Ewing's day.
I signed to come to Gotham,
An' I niver ixpect again,
To see back in this old burgh,
The times we all had then.
It wuz the first game of the season,
We wuz playin' the Cleveland nine.
Hanlon, Dunlap, Phillips,
An' all that famous line.
I wuz the first batter,
I stipped up to the plate,
The grand stand cheered one hour,
I had to bow and wait,

The pitcher threw the ball at last,
That hit could not be beat,
I sent it sailin' through the air;
It landed in Wall Street.
It bounded wid an awful bound,
It created an awful scare,
You couldn't tell which was the lamb,
Or which the Bull and Bear,
Windows were raised on every side,
The Stock Exchange did close.
I sat down on the old home plate,
An' took a little doze.
The magnates got together,
An' decided 'twould be wrong;
No matter how great the player,
To make a hit so long.
So they handed this decision,
An' it's still on ricord now
That for the sake of bankers,
An' to stop an awful row,
Among the visitin' Cleveland players
Who filt it wasn't fair,
To play against a man like me,
Who could fairly chew the air,
So the decision that they gave wuz,
Any hit of over a mile
Must not be considered seriously
But taken wid a smile;
So I sez, all right ye magnates,
A smile means don't you'se think,
Just give me a standin' order,
An' make Champagne the drink.

## MRS. RUTH BRYAN-LEAVITT.

Beautiful woman,
  Bewitching and sweet;
In the pathway of life,
  One seldom will meet
One who's like you,
  Of animation so rare;
And a manner as pleasing,
  As its owner is fair.
Great daughter of Bryan,
  I hope that each year
Will add to your blessings,
  In your life's stay here.

---

## MRS. HENRY CLEWS, JR.

Never did the city of Baltimore,
  Famed for beauty 'neath Heaven's blue;
Never has she given
  Greater beauty than you.
Lulu Morris for all time,
  You'll shine as a star;
I don't care
  In what land you are.

## MRS. HERBERT PARSONS.

Distinguished daughter,
Of a distinguished sire;
Your countless qualities
All men admire.
Irresistible, delightful,
And an authoress of note;
You deserve any degree
A college can vote.

---

## MRS. ED. SMITH.

Beautiful — lovely,
Gracious— sweet.
One more charming
None can meet.
Your subjects are many,
You queenly girl.
Ed has in you
A priceless pearl.

---

## MRS. GEORGE D. WIDENER.

Not always do the judges award aright the blue,
But I award the violets, they belong to you;
From the father of his country and the days at Valley Forge,
From Washington to Widener, the sweetest Mrs. George.

## MRS. F. S. FLOWER.

Beautiful woman,
You deserve a high mark
In the column of beauty,
Fair Hilda Clark.

---

## MRS. ROBERT B. ROOSEVELT, JR.

The heart of any man you'd melt
With your sweet beauty, Mrs. Roosevelt,
To you I give the sweetest flower
And sunshine for your every hour.

---

## NO ONE GREAT BUT GOD.

God moves o'er this world of ours
And he directs all kingly powers;
He rules the forces of this earth;
He Judges man by Heaven's worth;
He brings the haughty to his feet;
He lifts the saint up to his seat;
He rules the land; he rules the sea;
His word alone can make one free.
He does all that is best for one's good;
Often and often 'tis not understood.
His ways are pleasant, his paths are broad.
There's just one great, and that is God.

## ON CALL.

God is with those who live
This life alone to give
  Of their fruits the best,
  Not to leave the rest
Of those things with him
Which are only the slim
  Part of a great wealth,
  For 'tis only stealth
To deny to the Giver of All
What is ours only on call.

---

## MRS. JOHN W. GATES.

'Tis always a pleasure for me to meet
One who is so charmingly sweet,
As a woman true she highly rates,
My delightful friend, Mrs. John W. Gates.

---

## MRS. JOE WIDENER.

Philadelphia as a town is accounted rather slow,
But I'll tell you one sure thing I know —
If ever there's a world-wide beauty show,
Blue ribbon for Philadelphia, with Mrs. Joe.

---

## MRS. HUGH MURRAY.

What man is there that wouldn't hurry
To do a favor for Mrs. Murray;
Here's to good-looking Mrs. Hugh,
Many times over here's to you.

## MRS. JAMES D. ROBINSON

Georgia — Georgia,
Here's to a belle,
Emily English,
She was. Well, well,
Jimmie Robinson,
From the land of Lee,
You won a prize
In Mrs. James D.

---

## WITH NEW YORK IN 1884.

'Twas while wid de Giants,
Back in eighty-four,
That I'll tell youse
Of a mighty, mighty score.
We had a great pitcher;
Most any nine he'd squelch,
He'd pitch an' smile an' smile an' pitch,
Would Smilin' Mickey Welsh.
Well, them Detroits got no runs,
We got forty-eight.
We knocked out seven pitchers,
An' then we had to wait
For them to hire another.
I don't just call his name,
But never mind about that,

I'll tell of that hittin' game.
The first ball pitched
I knocked it hard,
It struck in Staten Island
In the cemetery yard.
The Detroits began a howlin',
An' what you'se tink dey said?
That ball bein' in a cemetery
Don't count — that ball is dead.
I yelled them pitch another,
I hit — and took a look;
That ball hit the lighthouse
Way out near Sandy Hook.
Buck took the bat and smashed it,
The ball sailed like a bird;
It landed in a window
At Third ave and Thirty-third.
Connor, Mighty Roger,
He knocked it to Central Park.
Van Haltren and Mike Tiernan
Both hit a swimming shark
Away out near Coneys,
That island dear and fair,
Coneys, sweet, sweet Coneys,
Where your trouble sinks wid care;
And Johnny Ward so natty,
So gentlemanly, trim and neat,
He raised his club politely,
I couldn't keep me seat
As I watched that ball a sailin',
An when it hit the ground

It disturbed some girls a playin'
Lawn tennis near the Sound.
Smilin' Mickey, smilin,
Then tuk the bat in hand,
It landed over in Jersey
On Farmer Gurnesy's land.
His cows began a runnin',
They tore down the farmer's fence,
He telephoned the Polo grounds,
With a small bill of expense.
But whin we told him the glory
Of his beein' in the strife,
He says by gosh—by taters,
Ye get milk free fer life,
An' niver from that minute,
Has a Giant had to pay
For milk, potatoes or cabbage,
Rid apples, oats, or hay.
Forty-eight runs the total,
Mark it up on high;
Wid the name of eviry Giant,
Names that will never, never die;
But proudly as the pennant flies,
No matter where the stand,
The Giants will forever live
In this or any land.
Mighty, mighty Giants,
This tribute now I pay,
I long to grasp each honest hand,
Old friends of a long ago day.

## MISS ESTELLE CROMWELL.

Music in her voice,
Beauty in her eye,
Charm in every grace,
One doesn't have to try
To toast you as they should.
You'll ever reign a belle.
Here's to you forever,
Dear, pretty, sweet Estelle.

---

Here's to a queen
I've never seen.
One that rules
In peaceful schools;
One who buys
But never lies;
Who never knocks,
But darns your socks.
Who lives for all,
Who loves base ball,
Who has no hate,
Whose hat's on straight.
My all I'd give —
But she does not live.

---

## HOLD YOUR TEMPER.

Does a scoldin' woman fret you?
Hold your temper.
Does she spoil your day of joy?

Does she nag you and annoy?
Then remember this, my boy —
Hold your temper.
Does she always underrate you?
Hold your temper.
Does she say another's better?
Does she threaten with a letter?
Simply whistle and forget her—
Hold your temper.
Does she wish that you were dead?
Hold your temper.
Does she rue the day you wed?
Does she forget the word she said?
Never mind; June skies are red—
Hold your temper.
Hold your temper every day,
Hold it all along the way,
Heaven land will be your pay—
Hold your temper.

---

Here's to a girl I'm loving,
Yes, loving all the while.
Sweet and fair as an angel,
The whole world she'll beguile.
She's truly one of the treasures
To be found upon this earth.
She's my own precious baby;
Now you guess her worth.

Here's to you, flirtatious,
Here's to you, coquette.
You chance, yes, you chance it
Sometimes you cash a bet.

---

Here's to you, Miss Dazzler,
Those sparkling, glorious eyes.
No shade can protect me,
No matter how one tries.
I simply am bewildered,
I cannot find my way.
Please call in your footman
To guide me to the day.

---

Here's to you, delicious.
I could eat those lips.
When they're on the menu
Raise your finger tips.

---

Here's to you, you darling,
Here's to you, you queen,
Here's to all who love you,
Whether sixty or sixteen.
For the old and young together
Worship at your throne,
And I just love all who love
No one — but you alone.

May you only have your desires,
May every one come true.
Can't I be a little one
And sometime come to you?

---

Drink to the girl of beauty,
Drink to the girl of wit,
Drink to every one of them
But the one that hands the mit.

---

Here's to a girl I worship,
Here's to one I adore.
I long to woo and wed her.
I can't — she's only four.

---

Here's to the hostess fair,
Here's to the best in life,
Here's to the man who wins her.
I'd try — but I have a wife.

---

## WITH NEW YORK.

A terrible day of triumph
Wuz the day we all went down
To play thim sleepy players,
The Phillies in Quaker town.
We arrived in state at the ball field
An' the diamond ran across,
An' thin fer a little practice,
We'd bat an' pitch an' toss;

We couldn't think of the trouble,
After a practice of an hour or so,
Not one single ball player
Could be seen not high or low.
We hunted round the bleachers,
An' through the grandstand took a look.
An' finally in the Club House,
Each man in a cozy nook,
Was the entire deligation,
Ivery player on their nine,
Each man so sound asleep;
That not even a marchin' line,
Or the drums a-beatin' madly,
An' the bugles blowin' loud
Could wake wan single player,
Of that sleepin' Philly crowd.
We wint back on the diamond,
An' did some more good tricks,
That only the Giant players
Could do in such a fix.
Buck Ewing did a beauty,
The longest throw fer fair,
From the catcher's plate at home
He threw the ball to Dilaware.
An' thin amid the cheerin'
Old Buck made this remark,
I'll inthroduse my friend Casey,
Any man can name the mark,
That you want the ball to go
Jist name it now to Casey.

Any place in the whole nation,
An' watch him drive it so;
Hard and fast and quickly,
That fer wonders of the day,
You'll gasp in admiration,
At Hard-hitter Casey's way.
Some says New Orleans, others, St. Paul,
St. Louis, Kansas City, Toronto,
But whin I hit the ball,
It made a viry graceful curve;
An' sailed up in the air,
T'was seen fer about an hour,
As it floated here an' there,
Away up in the atmosphere.
Oh how the crowd did yell,
I wish I remembered all they said.
But 'tis too much to tell,
Well' twas far along in the ivening;
'Twas gettin' very late.
A despatch dated San Francisco.
The office at the Golden Gate,
Mr. Casey, Philadelphia,
A proud man you can feel,
The longest hit on record
Was caught by a Cliff-house seal.
All business is suspended,
California has a holiday,
Fremont was one pathfinder,
You've found another way;
Our gold is at your service,
An' all our juicy fruit.

The Governor confers on you,
The degree of Batting Bute.
'Twuz now nearly seven,
Thim Phillies were still asleep,
So we took the train home again;
An' none of us could keep
Away the cheering people,
Who came to every station.
An' hurrahed over an' over again
Fer the hit across the nation.
Whin we reached the good old Bowery,
An' in triumph marched the street,
Never wuz such welcome given,
Or such a royal, royal treat.
Receptions by the Mayor, the four hundred,
An' a dance at Tammany Hall,
They presented me with a golden bat,
An' a diamond an' ruby ball.

---

## WITH NEW YORK.

We all wint back the next day,
By this time they all awoke,
Thim Phillies were filled wid vengance
An' ivery bat they broke;
They swiped the ball so fiercely,
That all the Giants felt
That the day of final doom had come,
As they listened to each welt.
Each Philly man was so excited
That they'd gallop, run and prance,

Their cry mow down the Giants,
Step lively — on, on wid de dance,
All we could do was stand and look,
They beat us in every way;
We didn't stand a single chance,
Whin we wint that second day.
The great, great Delehanty,
How he batted, ran and caught,
Every hit we made his way,
It simply wint to naught,
An' Thompson, how he banged 'em,
To every part of town,
There was no use in chasin',
You couldn't pull 'em down.
An' Nash an' Clements an' Brouthers,
Brouthers — great, big batting Dan;
Thim three a trio of players,
Dear to the heart of ivery fan,
Well they and all the others,
To us they didn't do a thing,
All we could do was whistle,
We were too sad to sing;
And Fergusen, dear old Fergie,
Great pitcher of long ago,
Every one — we all struck out,
His curves we couldn't go,
Twinty-one runs for Philly;
We didn't have a single one,
But till the ninth is over,
The game is niver done.

So I wint in that innin',
And says upon that score,
I'll print me name feriver,
Till time shall be no more,
I must save a shut out,
I closed me eyes and hit;
Buck Ewing began a singing,
An' dancin' on his mitt.
I said me kind regards to Penn,
Whose first name they call Bill;
I knocked that ball to Florida,
To a place called Jacksonville;
Well that wuz the only run we got,
We gave three cheers for all,
Philadelphia you're a grand good town,
For the old game of baseball.

---

## MISS MARJORIE GOULD.

'Tis your beauty I toast,
'Tis your charming way,
Sweet beautiful girl
Of the present day.
You deserve all glory,
You merit all praise,
Forever through life
The brightest of ways.

## MRS. H. ARCHIBALD PELL.

Beautiful woman,
A toast to you.
You deserve the title,
You surely do.
Graceful and queenly,
'Tis a pleasant duty
To stand and salute
Your glorious beauty.

---

## MRS. SMITH HOLLINS McKIM.

Beautiful girl
From the Maryland shore;
One can praise you
O'er and o'er.
Your dainty beauty,
Your charming way,
Win the deserved admiration
You have to-day.

Here's to all of the fair sex,
Here's to the girl of to-night,
Here's to the girl of the future,
God bless them all — wrong or right.

Here lies the body of Hiram H. Holt,
'Twas an automobile — a sudden jolt.

Here lies the body of little Dick Deane,
He ate some paint, the color was green.

Whenever the wind is cold and raw
I come to the grave of my mother-in-law,
For she was always raw and cold.
If she has gone where the streets are gold,
I wish some one would send me word,
For I certainly would feel like a bird,
And go around with a happy face,
As I prepare for the other place.

Here lie our two sweet angel twins,
They ran a race at eating pins.

---

## THE BASE BALL HALL OF FAME.

There may be many others
  Of thim great big halls of fame,
But there's niver been a greater
  Than the one fer the National Game.
Wherein stands all its heroes,
  A few I'll name tonight.
Some of the old, old timers,
  Who fought a grand, good fight,
There's Buck Ewing and Mike Kelly,
  Cap Anson and George Gore,
Iver hailed in fandom
    As a most illustrious four.

Comiskey, Keefe and Pfeffer,
Clarkson, Dunlap, Roger Conner,
Browning, Thompson, Galvin, Nash,
Ivery man that hall they honor,
Hanlon, Brouthers, Duffy, Radbourne,
Ed Williamson, John Ward, Joe Start,
Bennett, Jack Rowe, Richardson, White,
Names to fire the baseball heart,
The O'Rourkes, Rusie, John McGraw,
Stovey, Clements, Welch and Clarke,
They all stand in the hall of fame,
An' well they earned the mark.
An' there stan's the Riverend Billy Sunday,
For each one of us he prays.
Billy, Billy Sunday, great fielder,
The friend of thim grand old days.
The light shines on them brightly,
God bless them, one and all,
And every man throughout the land,
Who loves the game of ball.

---

## L. S. THOMPSON.

Brainy! Big!
Every bit good.
Treating everyone
As a true man should,
Royally, freely;
'Tis my best belief
You deserve the title
Big-hearted, Big Chief.

## THE OLD CLASS LEADER.

Talk about religion—he had it—yes, he had,
I can remember him away back thar with Dad.
I use to hear him often in the old days,
Dad'd say, "You listen and take in every word he says."
He'd stand thar in that little room every Wednesday night,
And all the folks were happy as he led 'em to the light.
He wuz an inspiration—the best I ever saw,
He'd make you think 'twas pleasant to follow Heaven's law.
He'd raise you to the mountain tops with a word of prayer,
Many a time he's made me feel I was over thar
Right in the midst of the happy, happy throng,
A-joinin' with the angels in everlasting song.
Why, that old class leader—his every act was pure,
He'd take away your troubles, and all your ills he'd cure.
He never saved a dollar. He gave, and gave, and gave;
Sez he, "I use my money when there's a soul to save."
You could call him in the morning, or get him out at night,
Every call he'd answer and work with all his might
To aid the helpless widow or hold a dyin' child,
Never cross or hasty but allus sweet and mild.
He worked and worked o'er the sinner and allus did his best
To make everyone feel 'twuz easy, an' he never needed rest.
That good old class leader—God bless him—in the days of long ago
The good he did for others only God alone does know.
Why I've seen him on a cold and blustering winter's night,
In the old town when thar was a real free for all fight,
I've seen that blessed old face rise up in the ring,
An' all the fightin' ceased as he began to sing.

An' when one of the fighters looked starving and so cold,
That dear old class leader with words of purest gold
Would say: "I know times are hard and business terrible slack."
Then he'd take off his own coat an' put it on t'other's back.
Religion? Yes, he had it if ever 'twas on earth,
With him 'twas a human bein'—'twasn't what he was worth.
He wuz a simple, trustin' Christian, a good and godly man,
He never hedged and said "I can't" but always said "I can."
Whenever he was asked a favor he'd allus answer "yes."
If he didn't have it then, he'd pray the Lord, I guess.
Fer we allus got what we ast for, an' we never went away,
But what the old fellow would beg us to ever and ever pray
That we might all meet in Heaven along with the Lord divine;
An' I know that old class leader will be the first in line.

---

## HOLLAND HOUSE.

Holland House—what a grand old name!
Food melts in your mouth—always the same.
Ah, beautiful memories linger round you;
You'll always get what is your due.
Bauman, Harriman, Cramer, Weld and Somers,
As hotel-men you're all hummers.

## FRANCES DUKE.

Fair land of Kentucky,
  Fair maiden that's there;
A toast to thee,
  Frances, the fair;
Here's to your culture,
  Here's to your worth—
You honor Kentucky,
  The state of your birth.

---

## TO JAMES R. KEENE'S HORSES.

To the greatest racing stable
  The world has ever seen,
The peerless running horses
  Of James R. Keene.

---

## HOTEL MANHATTAN.

Madison Avenue and Forty-second Street,
Is a hotel that's hard to beat.
  Billy Hawke—I've heard you of kindly act,
  You ought to win, that's a fact.
Weary traveler, there you may rest,
You may be sure you'll get the best.
  On their good things eat and fatten—
  You can easily at the Hotel Manhattan.

# INDEX.


| | Page |
|---|---|
| Acknowledge Him in all thy ways | 51-52 |
| Andrews, E. G. | 44 |
| An Old Man's Reverie | 38-39 |
| Archbold, John D. | 49 |
| Arthur, Chester A. | 13 |
| Baldwin, Elbert F. | 34 |
| Bradford, John H. | 24 |
| Brooks, Phillips | 44 |
| Bryan, William Jennings | 14 |
| Burrell, David James | 37 |
| Church of the Living God | 5 |
| Clay, Henry | 9 |
| Cleveland, Grover | 11 |
| Cleveland, Mrs. Grover | 67 |
| Clews, Henry | 25 |
| Clews, Mrs. Henry | 69 |
| Clews, Mrs. Henry Jr. | 73 |
| Craig, E. B. | 50 |
| Cromwell, Miss Estelle | 80 |
| Day, Chancellor | 49 |
| Death | 32 |
| Delafield, Richard | 40 |
| Depew, Chauncey M. | 23 |
| Dickinson, Charles C. | 37 |
| Dike, Norman S. | 38 |
| Dix, John A. | 27 |
| Dix, Mrs. John A. | 70 |
| Douglas | 16 |
| Duke, Frances | 94 |
| Farrelly, Stephen | 45 |
| Flower, The Charity | 26-27 |
| Flower, Roswell P. | 12 |
| Flower, Mrs. Roswell P. | 68 |
| Flower, Mrs. F. S. | 75 |
| For one who feels slighted | 45 |
| Gaines, John Wesley | 28 |
| Garfield, James A. | 12 |
| Gates, Mrs. John W. | 76 |
| Graham, E. R. | 40 |
| Grant, U. S. | 7 |
| Gray | 16 |
| Gray, Andrew C. | 26 |
| Gould, Miss Marjorie | 88 |
| Gould, Mrs. George J. | 70 |
| Hamilton, Francis | 62 |
| Hammond, Mrs. John Hays | 69 |
| Hammond, John Hays, Jr. | 47 |
| Hammond, Harris | 47 |
| Hammond, John | 23 |
| Hancock, Winfield S. | 10 |
| Hold your temper | 80-81 |
| Harrison, William J. | 44 |
| How the Irish maid stung Algy | 65-66 |
| I will lift up mine eyes. | 17-18 |
| If you should happen to faint in my arms | 66 |
| It couldn't be | 57-58 |
| Jackson, Stonewall | 8 |
| Jackson, Andrew | 8 |
| James R. Keene's horses | 94 |
| Jefferson, Thomas | 9 |
| Johnson | 16 |
| Leavitt, Mrs. Ruth Bryan | 73 |
| Keep on Smilin' | 33 |
| Kern, John Worth | 23 |

MAY 17 1909


| | Page |
|---|---|
| Lee, Robert E. | 7 |
| Lincoln, Abraham | 6 |
| Loyalty | 46 |
| Mack, Norman E. | 40 |
| Miller, Andrew | 41 |
| Mills, D. O. | 26 |
| Morton, Levi P. | 16 |
| Morgan, J. P. | 17 |
| Mr. Boldt and the Waldorf Hotel | 35 |
| Murray, Mrs. Hugh | 76 |
| Munsey, Frank A. | 48 |
| McArdell, Roy | 47 |
| McCall, John A. | 48 |
| McClellan, George B. | 57 |
| McClellan, George B. | 10 |
| McKinley, William | 11 |
| McKim, Mrs. Smith Hollins | 89-90 |
| No one great but God | 75 |
| Odell, Benjamin B. | 28 |
| On call | 76 |
| Parsons, Mrs. Herbert | 74 |
| Pell, Mrs. H. Archibald | 89 |
| Potts, Frederick A. | 49 |
| Religion, Smilin' | 15 |
| Rice, John V., Jr. | 28 |
| Robinson, Mrs. James D. | 77 |
| Roosevelt, Theodore | 13 |
| Roosevelt, Mrs. Robert B., Jr. | 75 |
| Rowe, Doc. | 53 |
| Sage, Mrs. Russell | 68 |
| She couldn't say "No" | 42-43 |
| Sherman, James S. | 22 |
| Sibley, Alexander Hamilton | 50 |
| Smith, Mrs. Ed. | 74 |
| Spooner, John C. | 25 |
| Spencer, Selden P. | 34 |
| Straus, Nathan | 24 |
| Taft, William H. | 14 |
| Taylor, Jack | 41 |
| Taylor, Mrs. J. B. | 68 |
| Thanksgiving Day in the Country. | 20-21-22 |
| The Base Ball Hall of Fame | 90-91 |
| The old class leader | 92-93 |
| Thomas, Augustus | 36 |
| To Mother | 50 |
| Trask, Spencer | 36 |
| Twilight on Sunday | 52 |
| United States | 5 |
| Vanderbilt, A. G. | 36 |
| Watterson, Henry | 37 |
| Watkins, Tom | 48 |
| Washington, George | 6 |
| Webster, Daniel | 9 |
| Whitney, William C. | 13 |
| Widener, P. A. B. | 24 |
| Widener, Mrs. Joe | 76 |
| Widener, Mrs. George D. | 74 |
| With Boston in seventy-nine. | 29-30-31 |
| With Chicago in 1882 | 63-64-65 |
| With Holyoke in seventy-eight | 18-19-20 |
| With New York in 1883, | 70-71-72 |
| With New York in 1884 | 77-78-79 |
| With New York | 83-88 |
| With Troy in 1881 | 59-60-61 |
| Woodruff, Timothy L. | 62 |
| Woodward, John | 29 |
| Worcester in 1880 | 54-55-56 |

MAY 17 1909

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